Tell Me

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by demoncard

Summary

Hannibal is a good little whore.

Notes

A series of one shots of bottom!Hannibal and just Hannibal being needy, dominated, insecure, needing affection fucked, begging and/or sick and taken care of. I hope you enjoy.

Will finished cinching the knot. Pulling at the fibers, it gave good resistance. Perfect. He thought to himself, rising from his haunches to look at Hannibal.

“So, tell me Doctor Lecter, how does it feel to lose all control?” Will asked, a smug smirk on his face.

Hannibal squirmed against his bonds but made no sound. The ever pressing weight of Will’s darkness intoxicated him and his eyes grew half lidded. He looked at Will with hunger, lust and need. A tiny moan escaped the confines of his chest.

“I can’t really help you if you don’t speak up.” Will stated, standing over him, pupils blown. “I want this to be a fair and mutual relationship. For that, we need to communicate.” He made his way around to the other side of the bed and mounted him. Hannibal's cheeks grew bright red. You could see the dominance fight behind his eyes. He didn't want to give up control.

“Now, tell what it fucking feels like.” his hand went to Hannibal’s throat, knocking a bit of air from his lungs. He ground his hips against the bulge growing in the older man’s boxers.

Drawing a sharp intake of air, he swallowed. “It feels...good.” He gasped at a wave of pleasure throughout his body.

“Good boy.” Will cooed as he leaned in for a kiss, hand still tight around Hannibal’s neck. He squeezed it a bit and could feel the pulse against his thumb. Power. His tongue met the bottom of Lecter’s lip and he ran it over the smooth surface. It felt beautifully warm and he bit it, hard. Drawing droplets of blood. He licked them up and kissed him once more.

Hannibal let out a deep throaty growl as he pulled away. The likes of which made Will’s cock throb. Dominance fed his arousal and his aggression. Grabbing a handful of Lecter's hair, he pulled his head back. Exposing his neck and sinking his teeth in. Hannibal squeaked and then moaned loudly. Will laughed, darkness edging his tone.

“Is that what you like?”

Hannibal only nodded, breath coming in staggered heaves.

“You’re such a good little whore.” complimented Will, the corners of his mouth turning up.

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